

It's Four a.m. Now ...: a poem by Patrick Bruskiewich

It's four a.m. now ...
And I cannot sleep
The warm milk hasn't helped.
Life's a big bad dream.

Tomorrow's rent day.
What more is there to say?
I live my life at the edge
and a very sharp one at that.

I'd count my pennies
if they hadn't done them out.
What next, the nickels too.
What's one to do?

In my dreams we play polo
on tricycles, top hat and all.
Around and around we go,
knocking everything over.

Heh ... it's a dream, ok?
Awake we don't even have
The top hats. I am so lonely
I'd rather lie than live.

The sky's not so blue
And I am not in the pink
Things may well still fall apart.

It's enough to make one crazy.

The cloud has burst

The constant drizzle ... the rain

Will it stop? Maybe not

It may even last forever.

When it rains .. it rains ..

When it pours ... hell breaks loose

I want to punch my hand

through life, but it punches back.

Its four a.m. now,

and I cannot sleep.